

THE DAILY TIMES.

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PAGE McCARTY, - - EDITOR.

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FRIDAY, - - - OCTOBER 29.

The face of the Statue of Liberty is unveiled, says the *Sun*, but if George bulldozes the workman into voting for him she will hide it again.

Let Mr. Blaine explain why the Pennsylvania miners are working nearest to the pauper wages of Europe after thirty years of Republican nursing in that State.

Lord Churchill says that "the fortunes of Ireland are no longer to be made sport and play, but the battle-ground of political parties."

The author of the ribald piece of satire on journalism, "Advice to Editors," is a grave and reverend city father (not Alderman, however), and we have half a mind to give him away by publishing his name.

He ought to be made to read an editorial of the *Dispatch*.

The correspondence between Mgr. Preston and the Chancellor of the Archdiocese of New York shows that the Catholic priesthood did not favor Henry George, as claimed, but that, on the contrary, they incline to think, with Mr. Hewitt, that Mr. George's doctrines are "immoral."

The hearing of the French spoliation claims cases has been postponed to November 15th, though the necessary papers of all the claimants have been filed long ago. The Government is charged with being very dilatory, as it is said sixty days would have been enough to prepare these cases.

Captain Page McCarty has started a daily paper in Richmond—THE DAILY TIMES—which is as bright as a new dollar, and well sustains the reputation of the editor for ability and vim. We hope the new enterprise and its editor abundant success.—*Alexandria Gazette*.

The *Gazette* and the *Times* agree on this as on most other questions where sense comes in contact with demagoguery.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field's compliment to Count De Lesseps gave the distinguished Frenchman the opportunity to characterize Mr. Field's bold venture of his fortune in the laying of the trans-Atlantic cable as a most noble piece of enterprise in the highest inspiration of the great American genius of mechanism.

A New York paper gives a lurid account of a "deadly duel with corn-cutters" between Edward Vough and James Pitney, two farmers of New Jersey. But it leaves out the automaton denunciation of the "relie of barbarism" which makes such a pretty attachment to all such incidents happening in the South when dressed up according to the sectional adjustment of morality by geographical lines.

John M. Johnson, Esq., writes a letter to the Auditor advising him to stop trying to enforce an unconstitutional law.

The point is that the position of the Auditor ought to be maintained with equal temper in all cases if there is anything valid in it. Some of the tax-collectors refuse to obey the order to levy on those who stand on a tender of coupons.

Why does not the State force them to obey the order?

That is the weak point and the "give away" of the whole thing.

REMINISCENCE OF LAFAYETTE.

"To put my name at the feet of great men in the service of grand ideas, this is my ambition."—BARTHOLOMI.

With these noble words the great French artist presents his grand work to America with a heartfelt testimonial of fraternal greeting from our sister republic.

There is something grandly pathetic in the festival that celebrates the brotherhood of the two republics.

Some of those who recall the stories of Lafayette's second visit to America have perhaps heard a legend that has never been printed.

The noble Frenchman who had dedicated his youthful genius to our cause came back to view the consummation of the work that he prophesied would be repeated in France. The Virginians selected a company of gentlemen to attend him on horseback as an escort of honor as he drove in a carriage over the scenes of his campaigning.

It was thus that Lafayette approached Monticello on a calm day, when the dreamy stillness of the autumn held all nature in a trance, and the blue sky and floating clouds enclosed that beautiful picture where the prophet of modern Democracy had chosen his home.

When the carriage drove up to the door the escort dismounted and stood uncovered in wrapt silence to see this meeting between the sage and the romantic hero.

Lafayette alighted and advanced to meet Mr. Jefferson as he came down the steps.

"What will they say?" whispered one of the spectators.

But the two men's souls felt more than ordinary mortals could as they recalled the scenes and the issues of the American Revolution that involved the cause of liberty for the whole world.

Neither of them spoke, but the American, with a tender tribute to the custom of France, folded Lafayette in his arms and kissed him on either cheek.

It was not until the party sat down to table and the host, with the stately ceremony of the time, offered his guest a "toast," that anyone dared to break the impressive silence, and then the gallant Frenchman replied with the word with which he overcame the difficulties of his broken English:

"General Washington," but with what American speakers of French represent at the end with a *g*.

THE REPUBLICAN ADDRESS.

A handbill was circulated yesterday which denounced in the most pyrotechnic display of red and green epithets all the Mullenites, and spasmodically called on all true Republicans to stand to the party colors, "though we have but a small fund with which to organize the Republican party for victory."

These last words are calculated to cool the fervid eloquence of the rest of the appeal, but the following peroration is thrilling, especially with the sign manual of Mr. Wise at the end:

"It is only the base wretches who are willing to use slander and lies to get Republican votes for their 'what-is-it' candidate who pretend that the Democrats see any comfort in Waddill's candidacy. The mass of men who are going to vote for Mr. Mullen have no sympathy with or respect for methods of this sort. It will ruin him in his own party. Fellow-Republicans, spit upon the filth of such miserable rascals. Tell them they lie in their throats and know they are lying for gain, and you, backing our honest, earnest efforts to gain a victory for the Republicans, march in solid phalanx to the polls, deposit your ballots for your candidate, and at the same time that you will defeat Democracy you will rebuke the brutes and wretches who are seeking to malign and traduce your trusted servants who have served you long and faithfully—so long and so faithfully that their loyalty is not to be impeached by deserters and hypocrites.

"Respectfully,
"EDMUND WADDILL, JR.,
"JOHN S. WISE,
"J. W. SOUTHWARD."

The poets arose and went on the rampage this week about liberty. But of all the thousands produced there is not one to represent the truth and grandeur of the occasion.

Practical American common sense can express it better than poetry, for in this age of education we understand how much blessed man is compared with his state under the rule of former ages. Hence the enthusiasm.

Chief Arthur has been elected again Grand Chief Engineer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Everybody will rejoice that such a sensible and honorable man is accorded a post of honor where his wise words will be heard to influence the workmen in the direction of their true interests instead of in the way pointed by Powderley.

RISE TO EXPLAIN.

In Auditor Ruffin's reply to Mr. Tinsley, he states that the action of the Indemnity Board was taken after the advice of the Attorney-General.

Mr. Tinsley states distinctly that the Attorney-General did not advise the action of the board. Here, then, is a little discrepancy that calls for an explanation.

We were surprised to hear that Mr. Ayers had advised the official action against the United States Court decisions, and still suppose that he will hasten to place himself right.

"REPUBLICAN, OR COSSACK?"

The Statue of Liberty reminds us of the cleverness of the author of "Beightingham," a lecture supposed to be delivered thirty years hence on the great war of 1890 between the Republican idea and the Imperial idea.

Russia, Austria, and Prussia are on one side; England, France, and America on the other. The great battle is fought at Beightingham on the Rhine with a million of men on each side. Boulanger commands the French contingent, and several notable generals of our civil war, including a son of General Robert E. Lee, command the American troops.

After a terrible battle, in which 300,000 men are slain, the cause of Liberty triumphs.

The author does not refer to Napoleon's famous prophecy, that "Europe must finally be Republican or Cossack," but unwittingly he has evolved an interesting theory of the contest on that idea.

The daily bulletin of the Bulgarian muddle fails to give a comprehensive view of the situation, but it is said that the stubborn little Bulgaria will try at least to act for herself without any outside dictation. The interposition of England is checked by the threat against her hold in Egypt—a move which France wishes to make as a clever piece of foreign policy to maintain the influence of the ministry against the opposition.

President Diaz is charged with a plot to make himself dictator of Mexico; but we remember that he was the author of the amendment to the Mexican constitution prohibiting the same person from holding the office of President for two successive terms.

As his party was in power at that time, we must admit that he showed himself a patriot.

England is advised by the Viceroy of India to "pacify" Burmah in the cause of peace, because any native prince would have so many rivals as to insure a state of anarchy. This is big statesmanship to put the good of Burmah up as the reason for taking control of it. But, after all, the English rule would be better than the native.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

The New York *Sun* thinks that Minister Phelps was wrong in refusing to present Mr. Thorndyke Rice to the Prince of Wales because every American citizen is a sovereign.

Sunset Cox has delivered a ringing speech against the "gospel of anarchy and confiscation." This is one of the truest Democratic philosophers in the country, and his words will be remembered.

Dr. Whitney, late surgeon in the Union army in the civil war, has a trick lecture to revivify the sectional hate for the Republicans. He says: "Come and see the weapons used by rebels and then, &c., &c." Then they will vote on the Pinkston plan just as they shot.

At "The Old Maids Show" at the Grand Opera-House in San Francisco, the ladies sat on the proscenium with a rope drawn in front of them to keep off the "horrid witches," who were supposed to want to ask them to fly and be theirs. Miss Nancy and Miss Priscilla, respectively ninety-four and ninety-eight, wrote regrets that they couldn't come.

Lieutenant-Colonel Bob Word has a cane which was a part of the Whig "Log Cabin" of 1844.

Trav. Daniel told him, after a crowd had listened to the anecdote, that he had belonged to every party since then, and was fortunate in possessing something to remind him of where he started.

Bob has stopped telling the story and left his cane at home.

Our distinguished young friend Col. Lloyd Beall, who turned his seventy-fifth year like a young buck skipping into pastures green, was honored with a special personal invitation to the festival of Liberty Day yesterday by General Schofield, Grand Marshal. The Colonel remembers how he dwelt on Bedloe Island when his father was constructing the fortifications there in 1813.

We hope Beall will ring out many another old year like one of the boys before he feels old enough to require any other bell to ring his final retreat.

ADVICE TO EDITORS.

THE ETHICAL VIEW OF CRIMES, SCANDALS, AND HORRORS.

Lotteries, "Dives," and Cards—Business and Policy.

[The author knows how everybody can run a newspaper better than a professional journalist, and has a smack of satire withal.]

My Dear Young Friend:

I know you need a great deal of advice about running a newspaper, and, as there is nobody to tell you how, let me give you a little of "the paternal."

That fable of yours about the worldly-wise chicken-cock shows that you probably know a thing or two.

How important for a paper to know how things are going before expressing any opinion!

Bread and meat, my brother, is the first thing; getting advertisements, pleasing the people, is another thing.

If you have, under a manly impulse, said a true thing, if it is not popular whip around; say you used or left out a negative by mistake. Eat up your words. Turn your back on your principles, and hurrah for the crowd. You may not like this, but you'll get used to it.

Be very virtuous when it is popular to be so. Be even pious when it pays. But be careful. Remember that gambling and thieving are very fashionable. Excellent society sometimes summers or winters in the penitentiary. So be careful, or you will get the enmity of some influential citizens.

Don't publish any gambling or lottery advertisements, or any unpoisoned or immoral things, unless you are paid for it. Of course, if things are paid for, that's business.

Please give us plenty of suicides, murders, rapes, filths, and horrors. They are always interesting, and are fine food for boys and girls and young ladies—indeed, excellent family reading. It is all nonsense about their being seeds and sowings for harvests of crime.

You will, of course, tell us all about the private matters of gentlemen and ladies. Have a spy in every family. Do all you can to kill out old notions about delicacy, modesty, decency, propriety, and the sacredness of the family hearth, and all such Bourbonism.

This is a progressive age. Young America is for cleaning out all prejudices regarding manners, good breeding, nice sense of honor, and such effete things.

You see my idea. And if you will get a little vial of hog-wash to dip your local's pen into, you will be sure to succeed. "Macte rorea pecunia puer—Sic illic ad astra." Yours, PROGRESS.

The British Government demands the release of Daniel J. Brown, a refugee in the festive American Cashier Colony in Canada.

In the elegant language of diplomacy it is officially stated that one Julia Dunn, a female of prepossessing appearance, did coax and entice the said Brown across the river St. Lawrence, where he was at once pounced on by Yankee detectives and yanked to his dungeon cell.

Here is a pretty how d'ye do; and now there will be the same old trick of a make-believe twist of the Lion's tail, while, in fact, we are soothing the beast in another form.

The Socialists Likely to Parade on Lord Mayor's Day.

In connection with the proposed Socialist procession on Lord Mayor's Day, Colonel Sir James Frazer, chief commissioner of the city police, has written to the Democratic federation that no procession except the Lord Mayor's will be allowed to pass through any street of the city on that day.

Philanthropy or Salary.

As Powderley the other day remarked, workmen may now be called "virtually slaves," if the speaker is not particular what he says. But the Knights of Labor whom he thus addressed are holding their assembly in Richmond at a cost to their constituents of \$5,000 a day. This shows how the position of slaves has improved in the last thirty years.—*Exchange*.

We Owe You One.

THE DAILY TIMES is the name of a paper just started in Richmond, and edited by Captain Page McCarty. It is a handsome, cleanly-printed paper; and it is unnecessary to say that it will undoubtedly be edited with marked ability. We welcome it to our exchange list.—*Lynchburg Virginian*.

BALTIMORE, Md., October 27.—The nineteenth annual convention of the Railroad Conductors' Life Insurance Association of the United States and Canada was begun here at 10 A. M., with delegates from nearly every road in the country and a goodly representation from Canada. An address of welcome was delivered by the mayor of Baltimore.

Governor Lee Tuesday afternoon received a letter from President Cleveland, in which he expresses a lively appreciation of the kindness and courtesy of the people of Virginia toward him on the occasion of his recent visit here.

With the exception of the London *Times*, the whole anti-Home Rule press applaud Lord Randolph Churchill's speech at Bradford. The *Times*, however, shies at the proposed cloture with a bare majority. The minister named in last night's cable as opposed to Churchill's cloture proposals is Sir Michael Hicks Beach.

A VERY FAST TRAIN.

THE STORY WHICH WAS TOLD BY THE TIMID PASSENGER.

A Time When It Seemed as if the Train Got Scared at Something—Running Through a Rainstorm—Sunset in the East.

"I was lately on a train," observed the timid passenger, "that went so fast it was dangerous to loo. out of the window, as you were likely to have your eyesight broken off and carried away. Why, the very farmhouses looked like the street of a village, they came so fast, and the hind car wheels touched the rails only once in a while. There was not a particle of noise to be heard, because the train got far ahead of it, and people along the track said the noise kept about a mile back, while the dust didn't have time to get up and dust until the train had got far away, and the way it then got up and dusted was a warning. It just seemed as if the train had got scared at something, and the passengers all thought there was great danger of the coaches running over the locomotive. The telegraph poles were not visible, and the very sunbeams did not have a chance to get in the windows, and, of course, the shadow of the cars kept something like a mile and a quarter in the rear.

AHEAD OF THE SUN.

"Our watches got all out of time; as we flew westward so fast that we got clear ahead of the sun, and if we had kept on at that rate around the earth we would have been surely a half a day younger, and if we had continued going around we would have soon been in the middle of last year.

"The friction of the air took all the paint off the outside of the cars, and hats were sucked up through the ventilators. If you had dropped a book it would not have touched the floor until it had reached the back of the car, while flies were dashed against the rear end of the coach and killed.

"Of course the people could not see the train at all, and were continually driving into it at the crossings, but they didn't know any better before or afterwards. It was thought that lightning struck them, as they didn't know what else it was, and people along the line said the train left a tunnel in the air which did not fill up for half an hour, while the air was hot from the friction. If you would foolishly point your finger out of the window at anything it would be taken off as slick as a knife by the solidified air.

THROUGH A STORM.

"We went through a terrible rainstorm, but not a drop touched the train. It didn't get a chance, and several bolts of lightning went for us, but fell short. The rear brake-man fell off the car, but the suction kept him following right behind, and they reached out and pulled him in all right, but quite dizzy-headed. At one place a bridge had been washed away, but that did not interfere at all, for we jumped the chasm and went on as if nothing had been wrong.

"The most wonderful thing about it was, that night we witnessed the phenomenon of the sun setting in the east, a sight never before witnessed, we had traveled so much ahead of it. People living along the track maintained that it was a cyclone that had passed, and houses were unroofed by the disturbed atmosphere. The rapidity with which we went was quite alarming, especially when we were not in a hurry, but catching hold of the front seat and holding back with all our might did not seem to do any perceptible good. A man fired a revolver at a venture and hit a mule half a mile up the track. That was the fastest I ever took."

—A. W. Bellaw in *Detroit Free Press*.

Methods of an Inventor.

There is a president of a tool building company in one of our eastern cities who is a thorough mechanic and a successful inventor. In one of the draughting rooms is a table with square, rule, pencil and a few other appliances always on it. Perhaps this table may be visited three or four times a day by the president, who will jot down figures, draw a few lines or make a sketch. He may not come for several days, and he may work at the board or table for several hours at a time. At last the work is thought out and its elusiveness is fixed by the penciling. The result is then properly drawn, patterns are made, the castings are finished and the machine is completed. All this is the process of thought—growing, lasting perhaps for weeks or months. During that incubating time the idea possessed the inventor in as true a sense as if he possessed the idea. Probably no merely literary effort required greater devotion to its subject, more intense thought or more exercise of the reason and judgment. —*Boston Budget*.

Type Writing for the Blind.

Every man his own telegrapher may be an impossibility; but the art is easily learned, and I venture to suggest that it should be taught in all the blind asylums. A blind operator might not be able to send off messages, unless they were read to him, but he could receive them by ear and transcribe them on a type writer with a rapidity and certainty that would astonish operators with eyesight. So few trades or professions are open to the blind that the directors of asylums should take advantage of a chance like this to enable the afflicted to earn their own livelihood. With their exquisite delicacy of touch and quickness of perception, the blind can learn the type writer easily, and I have no doubt that they would be equally expert telegraphers.—*New York Star*.

When a man and woman undertake to lead together a life of "plain living and high thinking," the brunt of the struggle always must fall on the woman.—*Athenaeum*.

When a woman wants to repair damages she uses a pin; when a man wants to repair damages he spends two hours and a half trying to thread a needle.

A man never finds out how very little he knows until he tries to undress the baby some night when its mother is absent.—*Fall River Advance*.

DIED.

ROHN.—October 28th, at 10:30 A. M., at the residence of her husband, at 500 Catherine street, Mrs. J. ROHN.

The funeral will take place from the residence Friday, October 29th. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.

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